

THE VOICE OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD

You were not redeemed with corruptible gold or silver,.... but with the Precious Blood of Christ, as of a lamb unspotted and undefiled.

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A THANKSGIVING

For a Sinner's Conversion.

—
BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.
—

Oh ! praise and thanks to the Precious Blood !
(From which all blessings come)
The Sacred Heart of our Master good
Hath led the exile home !

To the Home, sweet Home of his Father's House,
To the Church of his early love,
The wand'ring feet of a brother lost
Are guided from above !

Far, in her convent's calm retreat,
One soul, the glad news, hears
Answered, at last, at her Spouse's feet,
Is the prayer of weary years.

O Sacred Heart of a God made Man,
O Precious Blood of our Lord !
Unto us all this treasure grant,
This glad and sweet reward—

The grace to persevere in good
Till Life's last breath depart,
That we may pass, through the Precious Blood,
To our Home in Jesus' Heart.

THE CONFRATERNITY OF THE MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD.

DEVOTION to the Most Precious Blood is widely diffused throughout Canada. In the Upper Province, where the Confraternity was established some time ago, with a centre at Toronto, it has spread with astonishing rapidity. General interest is manifested in its growth and new members are being steadily admitted. For the benefit of our readers who may desire to know the origin of the Canadian Confraternity, we give a short sketch of its rise and development.

Monseigneur Prince, the first bishop of St-Hyacinthe, had long cherished the desire of establishing the devotion to the Precious Blood on a solid basis in his diocese. He even conceived the design of founding an institute of contemplatives destined to render It perpetual homage by adoration, prayer, penance and good works. Death prevented him from executing his pious project. Still, he trusted that this desire would be realized by his successor and, almost with his last breath, he exclaimed: "I bequeath to my diocese the devotion to the Most Precious Blood." This precious inheritance was received by the saintly Bishop Joseph LaRocque, who succeeded to the episcopal chair of St-Hyacinthe. In 1858, Very Rev. J. S. Raymond, Vicar General of the diocese and, later on, Domestic Prelate of His Holiness, solicited officially the erection of the Confraternity of the Precious Blood in that city. Special reasons impelled him to believe that Our Lord desired that general and loving homage should be rendered to His Adorable Blood in this land. The mandate and diploma authorizing its establishment were granted the same year, on the Feast of the Precious Blood which is kept on the fifth Friday of Lent and which fell that year on the 19th March, Feast of Saint Joseph.

A remarkable event which occurred on the same day is recorded in the Register of the Association, by the Venerable Director, himself. A Sister of the Hotel-Dieu had been hopelessly ill for some time and was apparently nearing her last hour. Fervent prayers were offered for

the prolongation of her life till the erection of the Confraternity, that she might be admitted as a member. She remained for several days hovering on the threshold of eternity. Immediately after the ceremony of erection, Monsignor Raymond inscribed her name in the Register and hastened to carry to her the scapular of the Precious Blood, presenting it to her with the words : " Blessed are they that have washed their robes in the Blood of the Lamb that they may have a right to the Tree of Life and may enter in by the gates into the city." A few pious words were added, a last absolution was given and in a few moments the favored soul departed from exile.

Other heavenly graces which were obtained the same day attested, at the outset, that the newly formed association was most agreeable to God and would be fruitful in blessings.

May we be permitted to mention here that till the last day of his life, that is for nearly thirty years, Monsignor Raymond worked zealously for the propagation of this devotion, by his preaching, writings and his co-operation in the foundation of the Religious Community of the Precious Blood. This venerable ecclesiastic, who was one of the glories of the Canadian Church, used to say that he based his hopes of salvation on the efforts he had made to spread and increase devotion to the Precious Blood.

In 1862, the Canadian Confraternity was affiliated to that of Rome. Some years later, the centre was translated from the cathedral to the church of the monastery of the Precious Blood. This was done with a view of facilitating the reunion of the members for devout exercises and for arranging the affairs of the Confraternity. The Association soon extended itself beyond the city and diocese, passing to the neighboring cities, various parts of the Province and Dominion, lastly, reaching the United States where it counts many zealous members.

In 1890 more than eighty thousand persons had been enrolled.

The object of the Confraternity is thus explained by one who has studied its spirit and advantages. The end of this Association is to make our beloved Saviour better known and loved ; to have His Precious Blood worshipped with more tender and grateful adoration and to have

prayer offered in a spirit of Reparation for the conversion of perishing sinners. The members should, out of love, zeal and fervor, keep to the original intentions regarding the Confraternity which is meant to be exclusively an Association of Prayer offered in the name, and through the merits of the Precious Blood. No committees or collectors are required. No external works of benevolence are to be grafted on it. For all these praiseworthy ends there are already societies and confraternities; all of which may God abundantly bless and prosper ! We are to keep to prayer - a comparatively rarely used weapon, but the one which God has placed in our hands with which to fight the enemy of souls. We are to have an entirely spiritual end and are required jealously to exclude all other ends, lest they encroach upon, and at last destroy our all absorbing and dearly cherished practice of intercessory prayer. The introduction of other exercises into the Confraternity, instead of increasing its usefulness, would prove prejudicial by setting aside the primitive object in view.

We should value nothing so much in the Confraternity as its simplicity, its undivided attention to the spirit of prayer and intercession. Thus, all trespassing on the ground already occupied by other holy confraternities shall be avoided, and the members will merit to receive and profit by the blessings bestowed on the Association. Let us be faithful in paying our tribute of love and gratitude to the Redeeming Blood and in praying for the conversion of sinners. This is our work, our specialty, our life and our power.

It is a commendable practice to choose bad or non-practical catholics, heretics and unbelievers as the special objects of our prayers. Let us, night and day, implore God's mercy on these unhappy mortals, not desisting till He has granted our petitions, bringing the former back to the bosom of the Church and bestowing the light of faith on the latter. If, by reason of our sins or in His secret judgments, God should delay answering us, let us not become discouraged or intermit our prayers for the living and the dead. In offering our petitions for the latter, we may surely count upon relieving them and even releasing them entirely from their sufferings, for they, the true

friends of Our Lord Jesus Christ, cannot place any obstacles in the way. These practices embody the whole spirit of the Confraternity. Why should we so greatly value and esteem this spirit and these practices? Because God has blessed them in such a remarkable degree. It is a very impressive thing to receive a special blessing from Almighty God. It is almost a frightening matter when He opens Heaven and lets the light of His loving kindness shine visibly upon ourselves. It is frightening from the very greatness of the consolation and from the opposite consideration of our own weakness and unspeakable unworthiness. Innumerable are the instances of particular graces bestowed by God in answer to the prayers of the Confraternity wherever it has been established. As members, we should lay these things up in our hearts and show our gratitude to God by increased diligence and a more joyful perseverance in prayer.

Once more, let us, above and beyond all, be steadfast in clinging to the primitive object of the Confraternity, and who shall say where the outpouring of God's mercies may end? Let us ask more and we shall receive more. Let us be bold in prayer, knowing assuredly that what we ask is nothing else than the burning desire of the loving Heart of Jesus Christ Himself—the conversion of sinners for whom He shed His Blood.

The monthly meetings, though not of obligation, tend to keep up the fervor of the members in working for their sanctification. We should learn to value them as seasons of grace, remembering Our Lord's words regarding prayer offered in common: "Where two or three are assembled in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

There is one important point for which the members should pray habitually and earnestly: the general and frequent assistance at Mass and the worthy reception of the Sacraments. The adorable Sacrifice of the Mass is the life of the Church, and the Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament is the earthly paradise of all her loving children. Yet, whose heart does not bleed over the ingratitude of men in this respect? What multitudes of indifferent catholics neglect going to Mass on Sundays and Feasts of obligation! What numbers hear it inattentively and indevoutly! How many stay away from Benediction

on frivolous pretexts, merely because it is not of precept ! Let us give ourselves up to this work ; let us do violence to heaven by our prayers ; let us pray for these intentions at Mass, Communion, Benediction, our daily work ; everywhere and at all times, let us send up to heaven a fervent and urgent appeal to God in the name of the Blood of His Divine Son.

From the proofs we have received of God's boundless compassion for human misery, and the readiness and joy with which He receives the repentant sinner, we are justified in believing that the members of the Confraternity of the Precious Blood may, by their prayers, bring back thousands of souls to the bosom of the Church. It is impossible to overestimate the power of prayer offered with due dispositions. But if we are to pray for others, we must first sanctify ourselves. If we are to make Our Blessed Lord known and loved by others, we must first know and love Him ourselves. If we are to spread devotion to the Precious Blood, pouring Its saving streams over many souls, it must be with our own souls ever crimsoned with a ruddy tide obtained through prayer and the Sacraments. God has not made use of us for nothing. He has but blessed us to-day that He may bless us more abundantly to-morrow. His early blessings are but the promise of what is yet to come if we continue to pray with the deepest humility, the utmost distrust of ourselves and with the invincible confidence in God which humility alone can give. He, the Redeemer, who longs for His creature's loving compassion and remembrance, will hear and answer our prayers, all unknown to ourselves, it may be, or in an unexpected way ; but the favors obtained will be none the less a response to our petitions offered in the name of the Most Precious Blood.

The centre of the soul is God.

No heart can be satisfied with less than God.

SAINT JOHN OF THE CROSS.

Blessed are meek women : for they shall possess the land !

THE DAISY'S CRIMSON STAIN.

AN EASTERN LEGEND.

BY HARRIET M. SKIDMORE.

Smiling in her joy serene,
Sat the Maiden-Mother mild
Where, on Syrian meadows green,
Sweetly played the Holy Child.
Hither came a merry throng
Crowned with springtide blossoms rare,
And, with gleeful shout and song,
Circled round the Christ-Child there.
To her face His look divine
Fondly lifting, pleaded He :
“ Prithee, twine, O Mother mine,
Garlands bright as these for Me ! ”
Choicest blooms she sought in vain,
Only daisies starred the sod ;
So she wreath'd a daisy chain
For her meekly hidden God
As the simple crown she weaves,
Wound by shiring needle made
Sheddeth o'er the snowy leaves
Crimson stain that ne'er shall fade.
Aye since then the favour'd flower
On its petals pure and white
Bears, as Mary's precious dower,
Glowing spots like rubies bright ;
And till endeth Nature's reign
Shall those blood-red markings blest
As mementos sweet, remain
On the daisy's snowy crest.

OUR MONASTERY AT TORONTO.

A TRIDUUM OF THANKSGIVING FOR ROME'S
APPROVAL OF THE INSTITUTE.

Great Rejoicings.

THE unusual sight of a convent illuminated from every window might have been witnessed by the wayfarer whose steps led by the convent of the Precious Blood on St. Joseph St. on the evening of Dec. 8th, the feast of the Immaculate Conception.

The illumination was but a small part of the manifestation of joy over the most important event that can occur in the existence of a religious order—the final approbation of its Rule by the Holy Father.

Most of our readers are aware that the community of the Sisters of the Precious Blood is—as all things Canadian—of comparatively recent origin, having been founded in 1861 at St-Hyacinthe, Que., by the present superior of the order, Rev. Mother Catharine. Of those associated with Mother Catharine at that time there is but one left, Mother S. Joseph, superior of the order in Toronto. It seems a special mark of divine favor that the rule of this community should have received so soon the final approbation of the Supreme Pontiff, and it is a great happiness to the members to receive the Rule almost as it was presented to His Holiness.

Three days of special prayer, of praise and thanksgiving have been devoted in every house of the order to the celebration of this auspicious event: at the mother house in St-Hyacinthe, Que., at Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa, Three-Rivers, Brooklyn, N. Y., Oregon, U.S. A., Sherbrooke, Que, and Nicolet the last foundation. The manner of celebration in Toronto may not be uninteresting to our readers.

The triduum began on Sunday, Mass being celebrated with exposition of the most Blessed Sacrament. Benediction being given at the usual hour in the afternoon half past four. The same ceremonies were repeated on Monday. On Tuesday, the Feast of the Immaculate Con-

ception, at nine o'clock, solemn High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Kelly, C. S. P. with Rev. Father Montreuil C. S. B., deacon and Mr. Sullivan, sub-deacon. The Sisters' choir furnished the music which was of a most devotional character. The sanctuary was most elaborately and artistically decorated, yet in such manner as not to distract but rather to fasten one's attention to the solemn ceremonies. At four o'clock grand Vespers were sung by the Reverend Fathers of St. Basil's with five ecclesiastics, Rev. Father Kelly, C. S. B., officiating. Benediction of the most Blessed Sacrament was given, and in presence of the Blessed Sacrament the forty assembled nuns pronounced aloud and with one voice the solemn renewal of their vows.

Immediately afterwards a procession was formed to visit the different shrines that had been erected in every part of the convent. Processions seem to be the most natural means of expressing publicly the feelings of the heart. They appeal directly to us, they affect us, they enlist our sympathies with their object as nothing else can, and a religious procession is wonderfully calculated to inspire devotion. The procession of the day was no exception.

The Sisters filed out of the chapel preceding the procession, their soprano voices chanting as they passed on through the house the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, while the refrain "Sine labe concepta" was taken up with wonderful effect by the deep voices of the priests and ecclesiastics at the head of the procession which was making its way through the cloister.

As they moved up the stair-case the statue of the Sacred Heart standing in a niche effectively surrounded by ruby-tinted gossamer clouds through which glowed the red lights eloquent of burning love, was passed. Up into the corridor out of which the nun's cells open, a shrine was met from which hung scrolls bearing every invocation of the Litany and gleaming with lights. On the procession moves to the extreme east end of the corridor, where another shrine is erected, up another flight of stairs to the top story, where two more brilliantly lighted shrines are visited at either end of the corridor. The procession now returns downstairs; a visit is made to the refectory,

thence upstairs again to the novitiate. Here the centre of the shrine is a representation of the Blessed Virgin as a child of three, when presented in the Temple by her parents. In the corridor outside stands an effigy of the Holy Father in full canonicals holding out the Decree of Approbation of the Rule. Finally the community room is reached, and here the procession ranges on either side of the beautiful shrine erected at the end of the room. Hymns are sung, one being the composition of a member of the community in commemoration of the event. Then back to the chapel, where the last prayer is said, the final hymn sung. Not all the shrines erected in the house have been visited by the procession ; that would be impossible, for in every single room used by the community shrines have been erected and before them lights are burning.

But the great day must end even though prolonged for the nuns by the very special permission to the community of remaining up till ten o'clock. Down at the mother house in St-Hyacinthe, in Catholic Quebec, the day closes with a great illumination of the convent, with wonderful transparencies of the Pope and the founders of the Order. There can be no such display here, but a voice asks why not some echo of such demonstration ? The word is given and from roof to basement, from turret to turret the convent for one brief hour is a blaze of lights, and then the celebration is over.

“ THE REGISTER.

THE COMMEMORATION OF OUR LORD'S PRAYER.

ON the 16th of the present month, the Church will commemorate Our Lord's Prayer in the Garden of Olives. This day is dear to all catholic hearts, more especially to those whose devotion draws them to the sorrowful mysteries of the Passion. They meditate on the anguish which filled the Heart of Jesus during His prayer and agony.

The psalms, as well as portions of the New Testament, depict His grief, fear and suffering. We know

that the prince of darkness and the powers of hell were loosed against the Redeemer, and that they displayed before the eyes of His soul the appalling vision of every crime which ever had been, or would be committed on earth.

Revelations made to holy souls prove that Our Saviour's sufferings and anguish were indescribable. One of them says :

“ After Our Lord entered the garden, His grief
 “ became boundless. Words are powerless to portray the
 “ sorrow of His soul, for the time of trial was near. He
 “ beheld sufferings and temptations surrounding Him on
 “ all sides and drawing nearer and nearer under the form
 “ of frightful figures borne on clouds.

“ When He left His disciples at the entrance of the
 “ garden, these horrible figures followed Him in an ever-
 “ narrowing circle.

“ His sorrow and anguish of soul continued to in-
 “ crease, and He was trembling all over when He en-
 “ tered the grotto to pray, like a wayworn traveller hur-
 “ riedly seeking shelter from a sudden storm. The awful
 “ visions pursued Him even there, becoming more and
 “ more clear and terrifying. Alas ! this cavern appeared
 “ to contain the appalling collection of the sins of the
 “ world from the fall of Adam till the end of time.

“ He fell on his face, overwhelmed with unspeakable
 “ sorrow, and all the sins of men displayed themselves
 “ before Him, under countless forms and in all their real
 “ deformity. He took them all upon Himself, and, in
 “ His prayer, offered His own Adorable Person to the
 “ justice of His heavenly Father in payment of so awful
 “ a debt. But Satan, who was enthroned amid all these
 “ horrors, and even filled with diabolical joy at sight of
 “ them, gave full vent to his fury against Jesus, dis-
 “ playing increasingly awful pictures, at the same time
 “ addressing His Adorable Humanity in words such as
 “ these : “ Takest Thou even this sin upon Thyself ?
 “ Art Thou willing to bear its penalty ? Art Thou pre-
 “ pared to satisfy for all these sins ?

“ When this huge mass of iniquities, like the waves
 “ of a fathomless ocean, had passed over His soul, Satan
 “ brought forward innumerable accusations, reproaching

“ Jesus with the faults of His disciples and the disturbances occasioned in the world by giving up ancient customs. During all this time, Our Lord prayed, but the sight of the innumerable crimes of men and their ingratitude to God, increased His anguish to such a degree that He shuddered and trembled, exclaiming : Father, if it be possible, let this chalice pass from me ; but the next moment He added : Nevertheless, not my will but thine be done. ” No tongue can describe what anguish and what horror overwhelmed the soul of Jesus at sight of the terrible visions presented to His view and the ingratitude of men. His sufferings were so great that a Bloody Sweat issued from all the pores of His sacred body and fell in streams to the ground. As the moments passed on, His anguish increased till He was like one at the point of death ; the Bloody Sweat became more copious soaking his garments and the ground. Entire darkness reigned in the cavern.

“ After a time angels came to minister to Him. Consoling visions appeared before the eyes of His soul. He saw the Just awaiting His arrival in Limbo, with intense longing. His death was to open Heaven to all these captives ; it would deliver them from the prison in which they were languishing in eager hope. The entire army of the blessed passed before His sight the apostles, disciples, virgins, martyrs, confessors ; the countless thousands of future saints, wearing triumphal crowns, defiled before Him. This sight gave fresh courage to His loving Heart to accept the sufferings and death awaiting Him on the morrow. He prayed for each one of His elect as the multitudes passed before Him, and He joyfully yielded Himself up to the will of His Heavenly Father as a victim of expiation for the sins of men. ”

God has not promised His servants that they shall meet with no temptations, but that, with these trials, He will give them grace to bear them. Heaven is ours on no other condition ; it is a kingdom of conquest, the prize of victory --but, O God, what a prize !

DE RANCE.

RESIGNATION.

Golden sunlight bathed the mountain,
Sweetest perfumes filled the air,
Earth adorned with fragrant blossoms
Never seemed more bright or fair.
Whilst glad nature smiled in beauty,
Two young monks, in Carmel's brown,
Wondered through the verdant meadows
Bord'ring on a German town.

Wrapt in silence, on they journeyed,
Till, beneath a spreading oak,
They beheld a rustic dwelling,
When the elder father spoke :

“ Brother, in yon little cottage
Dwells a sweet and lovely child -
Golden locks, light up with beauty
Face which sin hath ne'er defiled.
Charming, like the Infant Jesus,
Did I think him, when at play
I beheld him, near that cottage,
Just one week ago to-day.”

“ Father, said the younger friar,
Let us tarry there a while;
We are tired and Carmel's Abbey
Distant lies from us a mile.
And I long to see the simple,
Winning child of whom you speak,
Yearn to clasp him to my bosom,
Gaze upon his face so meek.”

* * *

Silence deep ! No sound re-echoed
Save the murmur of a brook,
And a paradise of beauty
Seemed that green, secluded nook.
The low cottage on the hillside,

Nestling 'mid the foliage green,
Golden thatch, and sunlit ivy
Made a calm and lovely scene.

At the door there stood a matron,
On whose furrowed brow the years
With their weight of care and sorrow
Marks had left of grief and tears.
And the friars she greeted kindly,
Welcomed them with simple grace,
Answered gravely when they questioned
Of the child with cherub face :

“ 'Tis my grandson, little Herman,
He and I dwell here alone ;
Enter, you may see him, Fathers.”
Low her voice and sad its tone.

Sunk in silent thought they entered,
Strange the feeling at each breast,
As she drew a curtain back and
Pointed to the boy at rest.
More than human ! Like an angel's
Was that brow of dazzling white,
Framed in waves of golden hair that
Formed an aureole of light.

For a space no word was spoken,
Till one touched the child's still form—
Started cold it was and icy,
Coursed not there the life blood warm.

Gazed the monks upon the matron,
Who thus answered doubts and fears :
“ Far too pure he was and holy
For this dreary vale of tears ;
And his happy soul this morning,
Up from earth to God hath flown.
Blessed His name be now and ever !
Hence I live for Him alone.”

In her eyes, upturned to heaven,
Faith and resignation shone ;
Lighting up with wondrous beauty
That old face, so pale and wan.

Then the monks to God gave glory
That on earth could still be found
Faith that, jo'ned to will submissive,
Made with joy their spirits bound.

Oh ! may we thus learn to praise Thee,
Lord, alike no good and ill,
Saying in our joys and sorrows :
It is best - Thy Holy Will.

S. M. A.

This little story is quite true, and was related to the writer by one of the friars who was deeply moved by the simple faith and resignation of the poor peasant woman.

A Saint had a vision in which Satan appeared standing before the throne of God.

Listening attentively, he heard the evil spirit demanding in tones of haughtiness and envy :

“ Why hast Thou condemned me who offended Thee but once, while Thou pardonest myriads of men who have offended Thee many times ?

God answered : “ Didst thou ever ask for pardon ? . .

Oh ! divine justice, ever allied to mercy ! . . . Oh ! radiant light encircling this most consoling truth : pardon is refused to him alone who asks not for it.

THE HOUSEHOLD AT NAZARETH.

A devout writer has given us a beautiful description of the life of the Holy Family in the secluded village of Nazareth. He says : It is easy to imagine the blessed tranquillity in which Mary and Joseph, with the Divine Child, passed their days. The peace of God was in and around their lowly home. Their time was divided

between labor and prayer which mitigated its rudeness and sanctified it. According to an ancient custom still observed among the Arabs and over the greater part of the East, Joseph worked at his trade in a building at a short distance from his house. This was the same shop in which Our Lord afterwards worked in company with His foster father. Outside the door was a stone bench on which the tired passer by might rest, sheltered from the scorching heat of the sun by a palm leaf matting. There the laborious workman made ploughs, yokes and rustic cars. Sometimes he constructed the cabins of the valley, and at times his arm, still sinewy and robust, hewed down the lofty sycamore and the black turpentine tree of Mount Carmel. His pay for such heavy toil was very scant, and even that he shared with the needy.

On her side, Mary lived as the humblest of women. At her marriage she had clothed herself with poverty as with a garment bestowed on her by God. She became what she ought to be in the obscure condition to which Providence had reduced her. The gay and delicate work of elegant life was laid aside and was replaced by the coarse and heavy work of a poor household the mistress of which can employ neither slaves nor servants. Her hands, hitherto accustomed to contact with silken tissues, now plaited with date leaves or reeds from the banks of the Jordan, the mat which covered the earthen floor of her poor cottage. She spun the coarsest flax and turned the little hand mill which ground the wheat and barley from which she made the bread used as the food of her class.

Like the shepherdess of old, the wives of the early patriarchs, Mary covered herself with her veil and went to carry water for her family from the adjacent fountain, returning with her pitcher poised on her head. The women of the East still observe the customs extant in Mary's time, and many of them, in carriage and feature, resemble the descriptions and portraits of the Blessed Virgin which have come down to us.

Our Lord Jesus Christ witnessing the toilsome life of His Blessed Mother doubtless alluded to it in the parables of the New Testament. He speaks of a careful housewife mixing leaven in three measures of meal, sweeping her

house in search of a lost groat and repairing an old garment. Most of all, when He praised the widow who gave a mite, not out of her abundance, but out of her poverty, was He not recalling many incidents in the life of His holy Mother?—Her whole life was an exercise of the love of God and even when sleep weighed down her eyelids, her pure heart was in adoration before the Eternal, who, as her Son, dwelt in the cottage of Nazareth.

REFLECTIONS.

He who is most resigned is most perfect, because true resignation contains perfect charity.

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Do you know how the feast of the cross is celebrated spiritually? By suffering in silence, without relying on any creature.

SAINT PAUL OF THE CROSS.

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They who possess the power and the right to judge should temper their judgment with mercy, as they would have Our Lord be merciful to them.

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Man has but one way of glorifying himself, that is, by returning God the glory which comes from Him, serving Him faithfully and acknowledging all He has done for us.

SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

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In order to find peace and rest in God, we must exercise ourselves in two things: deep humility and firm hope. When humility and hope are united, hope supports humility and humility chastens hope. If we have hope, humility can never cast us down too low, and hope can never become presumptuous, if we are truly humble.

CARDINAL MANNING.

We love to look towards the home where we hope one day to take up our abode and where there are many mansions. Let us follow Mary so that we may become more and more like Jesus. We shall then go on in calm confidence to the end, and the smiling face of Mary, our Mother, shall reveal to us the blessed fruit of her womb, Jesus.

PRESTON.

MY SOUL THIRSTETH FOR THEE.

(Desiderate millies,
Mi Jesu, quando venies ?
Saint Gertrude.)

Amongst a thousand still desired,
When will Thou come, O Jesus mine ?
When wilt Thou fill my soul with Thee,
Which knows no joy on earth but Thine ?

Oh, come ! Oh, come ! most mighty King ;
Father of boundless power and praise,
Thy joy is light, Thy light is joy.
Oh, hasten, Lord, life's passing days.

Thou thinkest thoughts of tenderest love
Sparing our sins, and giving place
To mercy ; sweetest, dearest Lord,
Oh, come ; I long to see Thy Face.

A QUEEN OF FRANCE.

THE FOUNDRESS OF A RELIGIOUS ORDER AND A SAINT.
[Feast-day : February 4th.]

*Translated for "The Voice" from the French of the
Abbé Provost.*

IN glancing over the history of France from the establishment of the monarchy down to our own times, we cannot help being struck by one fact, namely, that happiness is not always found on a throne and that the

queens who succeeded each other on the throne of France, learned this truth by dear experience. What was said of one of the last may be applied to a great many of them : " Queens have been seen weeping just like ordinary women and tears have been noticed even in the eyes of kings."

The saintly Jane of Valois was born in 1464 and had as parents Louis XI and Charlotte of Savoy. From infancy she gave tokens of tender piety, and conjectures might even then have been made as to the height of sanctity she would one day attain. At the age of five, burning with the desire of doing something to increase the glory of the Blessed Virgin, she merited to learn that, before her death, she would found a religious order in honor of the Mother of God. This prediction filled her soul with consolation and was often the subject of her conferences with Saint Francis of Paula whom she used to meet at her father's court.

Political views, rather than taste or personal inclination, very often regulate the marriages of princes. Louis XI wishing his daughter to marry the Duke of Orleans, who afterwards reigned under the name of Louis XII, Jane, stifling the intense repugnance she felt for this union, yielded to her father's desire. But the alliance proved unfortunate, and Louis, on his side, always declared he had espoused her against his will and solely through fear of the king, her father. When, after the death of Charles VIII, he found himself in peaceable possession of the French throne, he publicly avowed his sentiments concerning the marriage, demanding its dissolution from Alexander VI who was then Sovereign Pontiff. After mature examination of the matter, the papal commissioners declared in favor of the king and pronounced the marriage null. This sentence, instead of afflicting the unfortunate queen, was received by her with a serene countenance and elicited from her no other words than : " May God be praised ! Since He has permitted this trial, I know it is for the sake of enabling me to serve Him better than in the past."

To the princess thus repudiated, the king gave the duchy of Berri as her portion. She withdrew to the city of Bourges and applied more zealously than ever to works

of piety and devotion. Her mortification and austerities were so great that it might have been said she was trying to expiate the days she had passed amid worldly joys and grandeur. She loved the poor and loaded them with alms, and her heart was most compassionate towards the sick whom she nursed with her own hands by which miraculous cures were, at times, obtained.

Her love for the Most Holy Sacrament of the altar was so extraordinary that she could never approach to receive it without being bathed in tears ; her devotion towards the Mysteries of Our Redeemer's Passion was equally ardent.

She had a representation of the Holy Sepulchre made in her garden to which she frequently retired and there, giving full course to her tears, she would strike her breast with heavy stones, to inflict on her own flesh some portion of our Lord's sufferings.

In fulfilment of the promise which, at the age of five years, she made to the Blessed Virgin, of founding a congregation of religious women destined to honor and practise her virtues, Saint Jane, after long and earnest prayer and frequent consultation of Saint Francis of Paula, submitted her rule to Rome where it was approved by the Pope. She commenced immediately to build a monastery in which, when completed, she, with five companions, made the religious vows in honor of the mystery of the Annunciation.

Such was the origin of the name and order of the Annonciade. The foundation took place on Pentecost, 1503.

The foundress was only forty years of age when, by the diminution of her strength, she realized that the hour of departure from exile was at hand. She prepared for this last passage with all possible fervor and piety.

The 4th February was the last day of her earthly pilgrimage and the first of her endless bliss. When her soul was departing, a supernatural brightness shone in her room for an hour and a half ; at the same time, the inhabitants of Bourges saw a wonderfully brilliant cloud resting over the church of the Annonciades. After her death, her body was found clad in the roughest hair-cloth ; her

flesh also bore the impress and traces of the instruments of penance she used constantly during her life.

The venerable remains lay under the nuns' choir for fifty six years without showing the slightest mark of corruption. In 1562 the calvinists, hostile enemies of all veneration of saints' relics, discovered and burned the body, scattering the ashes to the winds. But devotion to the Saint soon spread over the whole of France, passing into remote countries. Thus did God make compensation for her fall from a proud position. He gave her a better and more solid throne than the one she lost. The royalty for which she exchanged the mundane crown fallen from her brow is the grandest royalty of all, that of sanctity on earth and eternal happiness in Heaven.

SAINT CATHERINE OF SIENA.

PATRONESS OF THE ADORERS OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

"In the Blood you find the fire."

ST. CATH. OF SIENA.

(Continuation.)

IN that sanguinary Italy of the XIV century, it was good to hear these bold words of the Saint, which would not be silenced even before those who made all tremble.

At that time, there reigned at Milan one Barnabo Visconti, a cruel atheistic tyrant, who had become powerful by his military talents.

Excommunicated on account of his misdeeds, Visconti had encountered, upon the bridge of Lambri, the Papal Legate who was carrying the bull of excommunication. Taking the Pontifical letter Visconti gave it back to the Legate: "Bishop, said he, swallow that, or I will throw thee from this bridge into the water below."

The Bishop swallowed the parchment.

This Lord of Milan had five thousand dogs for the chase fed in the monasteries. Whenever he found any of his dogs not in good condition, those who had them in charge were, by his orders, cruelly whipped.

Two religious dared to reproach him with his crimes, and he had them burned alive.

Seeing himself menaced by a powerful League, instituted against him by the Pope, Barnabo Visconti wished to ingratiate himself into the good favor of the *Beata Pa-polani*, so great was her prestige.

But to this proud tyrant, who feared not to say: "I am pope, emperor and king in my territory; God Himself could not do that which I did not wish done," the Saint wrote:

"The master of the entire world ought to acknowledge his nothingness, for he is subject to death same as the vilest of creatures. The foolish joys of the world pass away for him the same as for others, and he cannot prevent health, life, and all created things from disappearing like the wind. All the power that we have here below ought not to make us believe ourselves powerful. Do not believe that because Christ seems to see nothing in this life, that he will not punish in the future existence. When our soul has left our body, then we shall know, to our sorrow, that he has seen all."

Under the pretext of reforming the ministers of the Church, Barnabo Visconti imprisoned them and despoiled them of their property. Catherine said to him:

"God does not wish that you and the others should make yourselves executors of His ministers. He has reserved that right for Himself, and entrusted the same to his Vicar. If His Vicar does not exercise his right (he does wrong if he does not exercise it), we should humbly leave the sentence and the punishment to the Sovereign Judge from the eternal God. Preserve your cities in peace, punish your subjects when they commit any crime, but judge not those who are the ministers of the glorious and Precious Blood."

To these strong words from the Saint to the tyrant, we permit ourselves to add some extracts from the Dialogues, an admirable book dictated by Catherine when in ecstasy.

"These have I consecrated," said God to his well-beloved, "and as it is said in the Scriptures: *Touch not my Christs*; for the greatest evil which can befall a man, is when he makes himself their judge and executioner.

These have I consecrated and these have I called my Christs, because I have appointed them to give me to you. An angel has not this dignity which I have given to men that I have chosen for my ministers. *To them I have given the keys of the kingdom of heaven.*"

"That key is that of the Blood of my unique Son ; it has opened for you the door of eternal life, for a long time closed by the sin of Adam.

"And thus, the Pope, my Christ upon earth, holds the keys of the Blood, as I have shown thee in figure, when I wished to make thee understand what respect seculars should have for my ministers, good or bad, and how much those offend me who do not respect them. Thou knowest that I have shown thee the mystical body of my Holy Church under the figure of a chalice filled with the Blood of my unique Son, and it is by this Blood that all the Sacraments have their virtue and contain life.

"At the door of this chalice is my Christ upon earth ; he is commissioned to distribute the Blood and to appoint those who aid his ministry in all the domain of Christianity. To him alone belongs the unction which gives power, and no one can give that unction but himself. It is from him that all the clergy emanate, and he gives to each one his functions in the distribution of the Precious Blood. The good and the bad have the same dignity. And because their faults cannot weaken the virtue of the Sacraments, they ought not to diminish that respect which is their due, not for themselves, but for the treasure of the Precious Blood of which they are the distributors. If a man badly-clothed and filthy were to bring you a great treasure which would give you life, for love of the treasure and of the prince sending it to you, you would not detest the bearer, although he were badly-clothed and filthy. Without doubt, his exterior would displease you, but on account of the Master, you would strive to cleanse and clothe him.

"Charity dictates that you act thus, and I desire that you treat in the same way the least exemplary of my ministers, whose hands are soiled and whose vestments are torn by their imperfection of charity, but who bring to you great treasures, that is to say the Sacraments of the Holy Church, by which you receive the life of grace.

“ You should honor them for love of me, who sends them to you, and for love of the life of grace which you find in the great Treasure that they bring to you. We must hate and deplore their faults ; you should strive to re-clothe them by the zeal of your charity and the sanctity of your prayers ; you should wash their stains with your tears, and present them to me, with a great desire that, in my goodness, I may clothe them with the vestments of charity. If thou askest me why the fault of those who persecute the Church is greater than all other faults, and why I wish not to have the faults of her ministers weaken the respect which we owe them, I answer that the respect due to them is not applied to them, but to me, because of the virtue of the Blood that I have commissioned them to administer.

“ Your respect is applied to me and to the glorious Blood of my Son who is one and the same with me, by the union of the human nature with the nature divine. As it is not to them that the respect is applied, but to me, to me also is the lack of respect directed. I have already said to thee, you should not have respect for them, but for the authority that I have given to them, and in offending them, it is I, and not them, you offend.

I have formally forbidden such disrespect by saying : “ Touch not my Christs.” No person can excuse himself by saying : “ I do not injure the Church. I do not revolt against her, but against the bad pastors.” He who speaks thus deceives himself. As the respect is applied to me, so also is the insult ; I receive all the wrongs, contempt, affronts, reproaches and opprobrium of which they are the objects, for I regard that which is done unto them as done unto me.

“ I repeat it : Touch not my Christs : such is my will. This offense is more grave than all the others, for many reasons, of which the following are the three principal ones : “ First, that which is done unto them is done unto me ; secondly, to touch my Christs is to violate my commandment, since I have forbidden them to be touched ; thirdly, this sin is committed with malice and premeditation and directly against me. For that reason, the injuries done to me in the persons of my ministers is more odious

han other sins. Also, I say to thee that all other sins being on one side of the balance, and this one on the other side, it is this sin which will weigh the heaviest."

LAURE CONAN.

(To be continued.)

Written for "THE VOICE OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD."

A "HEART OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD."

"Place on thy heart one drop of the Precious Blood of Jesus and fear nothing."

Words of P. Pius IX.

PART III.

THE HOUR OF DARKNESS.

"But it is already past our time for retiring, so we had better begin our novena, Gracie dear," continued Mrs. Redmond, rising; and, with a last gaze at the slumbering deep, the mother and daughter slowly wended their way to the house.

Weeks passed. The novena for Harold was made with all possible fervor, they had his name inscribed in the Confraternity of the Precious Blood, but as yet they received no tidings from him.

Mrs. Redmond began to grow pensive and sad, so that Grace had to use her utmost endeavors to cheer her.

"Oh! if you would only have confidence, dear Mamma," she would say, "I am sure God will watch over Harold; think of all the graces He has granted us through His Most Precious Blood, He will not fail us in this our need."

"But there are so many dangers at sea, Grace, you do not remember that terrible night. "Oh! I shall never, never forget it," went on Mrs. Redmond shuddering. "And to think Harold may now be lying in the same watery grave that received your father. And even if I knew that he was as well prepared, it would be a conso-

lation. But, oh ! this doubt, this anxiety ! It is terrible ! ”

“ Poor Mamma ! ” repeated Grace, hardly knowing how to comfort her, “ we can do nothing but rely on the mercy of God. During one of our retreats at the convent, the priest told us something that I never forgot. It often comforts me, and it will comfort you also, if you will, only reflect upon it. He said : “ God *knows* all, He *can do* all things and He *loves* us.” In the first place, God *knows* all, so that nothing can happen to us without His permission or knowledge. He can *do* all things, - therefore He can remove this affliction if it be His holy Will. The third is even more consoling : God *loves* us with an infinite love. And if He *knows* our sorrow and *can* remove it, He certainly *will* remove it, if it be for our good. But this, the priest told us, we must leave to His infinite wisdom. In eternity we shall *understand* His reasons, *now* we must only bow in humble submission before His divine decree.”

Although Grace seemed so gay and thoughtless, yet, child as she was, there was much seriousness and solid piety in her character, which would manifest itself on an occasion like this.

In a few days they received intelligence that the steamer “ *Albatross* ” on which Harold embarked was wrecked some leagues off the coast of France. It was reported that some of the passengers were saved, but, as yet, no positive information could be given.

Poor Grace had now great need of her favorite ejaculation which she repeated a hundred times in the day : “ Sweet Jesus, who knowest all, who canst do all and who lovest us, have mercy on us ! “ O my God, Thou canst save my brother if Thou wilt. Oh ! save him for my mother’s sake, for his soul’s sake ! He wears Thy badge, dear Jesus, he went forth bearing the emblem of Thy Most Precious Blood, to whose protecting influence I recommended him.” Then she would go to her mother, and try by a hundred little devices to divert her attention from dwelling on the terrible calamity.

She would sing her sweetest songs, play her most touching melodies. Sometimes she would go and prepare some little refreshment, and then, bringing it to her mother, would say coaxingly :

“ Mamma, I prepared this myself, try and take a little, just to please me.”

Mrs. Redmond was not insensible to these little attentions, and did her utmost to overcome herself.

“ Yes, my dear,” she would reply, “ you are all I have now in the world, I must try and live for your sake.”

Thus the Autumn wore away and bleak winter set in. One or two messages reached them, confirming the report of the loss of the “ Albatross,” but yet no tidings from Harold. So they no longer tried to console one another with the hope of ever seeing him again. Instead they prayed and had masses offered up for the eternal repose of his soul. Yet, deep down in Grace’s heart hope lingered. She had recommended him so earnestly to the Precious Blood, that despite all that had happened, she still hoped her prayer would be heard.

PART IV.

THE DAWN IS BREAKING.

It was the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. Mrs. Redmond and Grace had assisted at the Parochial Mass, and were now seated, after dinner, in the cosy little parlor. A bright fire, burning in an open grate, gave a cheerful aspect to the room.

Grace was reading to her mother a beautiful treatise on the Immaculate Conception, when Peter came to tell Mrs. Redmond there were two gentlemen in the drawing-room who wished to see her. Mrs. Redmond appeared a little surprised :

“ Who are they, Peter. Did they not give their names ? ”

“ No ma’am,” answered Peter, slightly embarrassed and appearing very nervous. “ but they said it was very important business.”

Mrs. Redmond trembled. A strange sensation came over her. Instinctively she felt that it must be some one bringing her news of Harold. Perhaps the particulars of his death.

“ Come with me, Grace, I cannot go alone.”

Grace, understanding all, was at her side in a moment.

“ Courage, Mamma,” she whispered, “ it will, at

least put an end to this uncertainty and suspense, which is far more painful than knowing the truth whatever it may be."

And, supporting her mother, who was now pale and trembling, she led the way down stairs, praying earnestly in her heart for strength to bear any trial our Lord might be pleased to send them.

How little either of them expected what it would be ! "The darkest hour is just before the dawn." Ah ! this was, indeed, their darkest hour. It seemed as though the last spark of hope was about to be extinguished. Yet, no ! The dawn is breaking, and God will recompense their loving confidence and humble submission to His adorable Will. He will reward every sigh and tear far beyond their dearest expectations.

S. M. A.

(To be continued.)

THE WEEKLY BOUQUET.

Formerly "Orphan's Bouquet."

WE desire to give special prominence in our pages, to this charming and valuable publication, so ably edited by Mr. James Riley, and published by the House of the Angel Guardian, Boston, of which Rev. Bro. Jude is the esteemed and worthy Superior.

We rejoice that the above-named paper still retains its euphonious title of "BOUQUET," as peculiarly significant of its contents and beneficent purpose.

Every one loves flowers. Flowers are God's smiles. God gives them to delight us in this our valley of exile. There are material flowers, dear to our hearts, which are little messages from Heaven ; but how quickly they fade. There are thought-flowers also, which, by the ministry of the Catholic press, are made lasting. Thought-flowers draw our hearts wonderfully to God who is "the Giver of every good and perfect gift."

The WEEKLY BOUQUET is perennial. It has come to stay. Sent to us, undoubtedly, by our heavenly Father, to refresh our minds when wearied and care-laden ; showing us, from week to week, that the old Church of the

Centuries can produce better flowers and fruits than are generally evolved from cold and dreary Protestantism.

The good-thought is Catholic because it is universal and true. It borrows from the lucidity of God's own mind, and sparkles with the intelligence of angels.

The mission of the WEEKLY BOUQUET is likewise a very noble one, and, in the very beginning, was blessed by our Holy Father, Leo XIII, and approbated with great paternal affection by His Grace, Archbishop Williams of Boston.

The work is in behalf of poor abandoned orphan boys, to befriend and educate them, according to their capacity, for lives of virtue and usefulness, who might, otherwise, become the prey of vice and a terrible menace to society at large.

The orphans themselves print the Bouquet of thought-flowers, which are industriously culled, weekly, from various and rich gardens of the mind.

We heartily endorse Bro. Jude's noble, self-sacrificing endeavors for friendless orphan boys. We do so for many reasons : Bro. Jude is a special friend of the Institute of the Precious Blood, for among our Sisters Adorers of the Precious Blood, in the St-Hyacinthe Monastery, we number three members from his own family. We desire that the prayers and humble labors of Reparation and Sacrifice, made in the blessed shade of the Cloister, may tend not a little to the success of Bro. Jude's charitable work for the poor and afflicted little ones of Christ's Kingdom, and also to the actual beauty and delicious fragrance of the *Weekly Bouquet*.

Price : \$1.25 per year.

The address is as follows :

The Weekly Bouquet,
House of the Angel Guardian,
85 Vernon Street
Boston
Mass. U. S.

PRAYERS SOLICITED.

(1) For the various intentions of the Bishops of the Dominion ; and, especially, for that which concerns the religious future of our children.

(2) That abundant resources may come to the Archbishop of St-Boniface, (Man.) in favor of the separate schools.

(3) For a number of sinners, sick and afflicted persons ; and for all classes of necessitous people who ask us to pray for their intentions. Pray, pray much for those who do not pray, and who feel not their need of help from God : they are the truly necessitous.

FORGET NOT OUR DEAD. Pray specially for His Grace, ARCHBISHOP FABRE, of Montreal, who died at his residence in that City ; For the seven Ursuline Religious who perished in the flames which destroyed their monastery, at Roberval (Que.) ; for the Right-Honored BROTHER JOSEPH, General Superior of the Brothers of the Christian schools deceased at Paris ; HON. M. T. MCGREEVY, at Quebec ; for MM. LONCRAFF, at Westdale ; ONESIME and NEREE BEDARD, at Mont-Carmel ; JOSEPH BOUGIE, at St-Anselme ; WILL. PERRON and FRANCOIS DUCHARME, West-Gardner ; T.O. L. OUELLET, St-Anselme ; O. MICHEL, at Lake-Linden ; OLIVIER HEBERT, at St-Jean d'Iberville ; HILAIRE MATHIEU of St-Hyacinthe, at Granby ; GILS BERNARD of Belœil, at Albany ; AUGUSTIN VAILLEUX, at Cookshire ; THEODULE REEVES, at la Pointe-aux-Trembles ; For Mrs. Murray of Chicago, mother of Rev. E. Murray of St-Michael's College, Clover Hill, Toronto ; Mrs. MARGARET HERRON of Williamston, Mich ; Mrs. RAPHAEL ROUSSEAU, at Salem, Mass ; Mrs. JOS. SAURIOI, at Montreal ; Mrs. M. E. LESSIER, and Mrs. JOS. CLOUTIER, at Manchester ; Mrs. CHS. LAVIGNE, at Ste Gertrude ; Mrs. M. C. GALERNEAU, at Montreal ; Mrs. JOSEPHINE LACROIX, at Salix ; Mrs. LYNCH, at Caledonia ; Mrs. R. BERNARD, at LaPresentation ; Mrs. ROHRIG, Brooklyn ; Mrs. PETRUS LACERTE, at St-Barnabe ; Mrs. JOSEPH DUBREUIL, at Biddeford ; Mrs. GILBERT, BERLIN ; Mrs. AGLAE BEAUVAIS, at Central Falls ; For Misses JOSEPHINE LEBRICE DE KEROACK, at Montmagny ; ANGELE ROY, at St-Anselme ; JESSIE RICHARD, at St-Johnsburg ; E. ANDERSON, at Adams ; M. SEVERE GAUTHIER, at St-Zephirin ; M. FRANCOIS-XAVIER MARIN, at St-Hyacinthe ; M. J. F. LORANGER, at Montreal, &c.

For all these persons and intentions, let us say, morning and night :

We pray Thee, O Lord, help Thy servants whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy Precious Blood.

(100 days' ind. for members of the Confraternity of the P. B.)

Jesus, Mary, Joseph, enlighten us, assist us, save us. Amen.

200 days' ind. once a day.

Leo XIII. 20 June 1881.

THANKSGIVINGS

FOR FAVORS OBTAINED THROUGH PRAYER TO THE
MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD.

“ Thanksgiving for favors granted to my brother and Sister in one of the cases where seemed to be no hope ; but with perseverance and fervent prayers to the Sacred Heart, the Blessed Mother Saint Ann, Saint Joseph, Saint Anthony of Padua, Saint Expedit, I was heard.

I promised, if these favors were granted, I would have them published.”

“ Mrs. James F. Moyle (Quyon) begs the favor of having her cure from a severe sore-leg published in your “ Voice of the Precious Blood,” -cure obtained after a novena of prayers in honor of the Divine Blood and the promise of having it published in the Annals.”

“ I wrote some time ago, asking your good prayers for a heavy lawsuit I had : Well ! Thanks be to our dear Lord : it has been withdrawn for good. So allow me to thank you and the dear Sisters for your prayers.

I had also promised to have it put in the annals of “ The Voice of the Precious Blood.”

“ About two months ago, a copy of your magazine was given me to read. I noticed among the favors received the recovery of a person from nervous trouble. At the time, a friend of mine was in such a condition from nervous exhaustion that she was sent to a hospital for treatment. I promised our Dear Lord if He would be pleased to grant her recovery through the merits of His Precious Blood, that I would have this favor published in the

Monthly devoted to the interest of His Precious Blood. He has been pleased to hear my prayers. My friend is at home again as well as ever, and I take the liberty of asking you to publish her recovery in your excellent magazine. I trust it may be the means of increasing the devotion to the Most Precious Blood.

“ I cannot tell you how much true devotion this little “ Voice ” has excited among the subscribers, and others. Also the “ Book of the Elect ”; those who have read them seem to have renewed devotion to Our Blessed Lord and His dear mother ; besides subscribing for the “ Voice ” they have made novena’s to Our Lady of the Precious Blood ; others have had Masses said in her honor and in many other ways the “ Precious Blood ” has done a deal of good for us, for which all ask you to thank that sweet Adorable Blood.”

“ I had just given the gospel of the Holy Name to my sister, and, after attaching it to her scapular, she took up a lamp to look for something on the floor, and, in getting up quickly, the lamp exploded in her hand ; she carried it out three rooms, and threw it in the yard without being the least injured ; she attributes her escape to the Precious Blood.

Please, thank the Precious Blood for her.

MEDALS OF OUR LADY OF OLIVES. Persons wishing to provide themselves with these protecting medals against thunder and lightning &c., are invited to order them before the season of thunder-storms ; for these medals are, then, called for in such large quantities that we are sometimes unable to be readily supplied with a sufficient number. PRICE : 50c a doz. ; 5c each.